



# Tattersall's Club Magazine

*The*  
OFFICIAL ORGAN  
OF  
TATTERSALL'S CLUB  
SYDNEY.

Vol. 14. No. 4. 2nd June, 1941.





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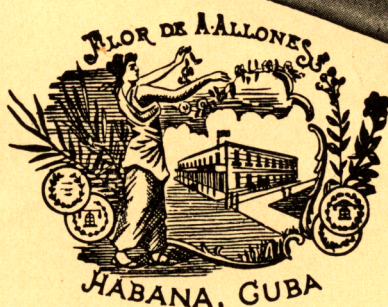


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# TATTERSALL'S CLUB MAGAZINE

*The Official Organ of Tattersall's Club, 157 Elizabeth Street, Sydney*

Vol. 14. No. 4



2nd June, 1941

*Chairman:*

W. W. HILL

•  
*Treasurer:*

S. E. CHATTERTON

•  
*Committee:*

GEORGE CHIENE

A. G. COLLINS

DAVID A. CRAIG

JOHN HICKEY

A. J. MATTHEWS

JOHN H. O'DEA

JOHN A. ROLES

F. G. UNDERWOOD

•  
*Secretary:*

T. T. MANNING

TATTERSALL'S CLUB was established on the 14th May, 1858, and is the leading sporting and social Club in Australia.

The Club House is up-to-date and replete with every modern convenience for the comfort of members, while the Dining Room is famous for quality food and reasonable prices.

On the third floor is the only elevated Swimming Pool in Australia, which, from the point of view of utility and appearance, compares favourably with any indoor Pool in any Club in the World.

The Club conducts four days' racing each year at Randwick Racecourse, and its long association with the Turf may be judged from the fact that Tattersall's Club Cup was first run at Randwick on New Year's Day, 1868.

The Club's next Race Meeting will be held at Randwick on Saturday, 13th September, 1941.

Principal Event: The Chelmsford Stakes.



# The Club Man's Diary

**JUNE BIRTHDAYS:** 1st: Mr. I. Green; 7th: Mr. H. J. Robertson; 9th: Mr. S. Baker; 11th: Messrs. A. Bailey and C. E. Young; 13th: Mr. E. J. Watt; 13th: Mr. S. E. Thomas; 16th: Mr. F. Shepherd; 17th: Dr. J. C. B. Allen; 18th: Mr. R. A. Cullen-Ward; 19th: Messrs. C. M. W. Purves and N. Schureck; 20th: Mr. F. G. Underwood; 22nd: Mr. J. W. Plaskitt; 29th: Messrs. A. J. Genge and C. A. Shepherd.

\* \* \*

At the annual general meeting of members, held on the 7th May, the result of the ballot for the election of Treasurer resulted:—

Chatterton, S. E. .... 638 votes  
Gourley, W. .... 232 votes

Mr. Chatterton was declared elected.

The ballot for the election of four members to serve on the Committee for two years resulted:—

Bartley, H. C. .... 521 votes  
Collins, A. G. .... 600 votes  
Hickey, J. .... 824 votes  
O'Dea, J. H. .... 816 votes  
Underwood, F. G. .... 831 votes

Messrs. Collins, Hickey, O'Dea and Underwood were declared elected.

\* \* \*

The stall conducted by Tattersall's Club in Martin Place on Comforts Fund Appeal Day (May 23), in aid of the Lord Mayor's Patriotic and War Fund of N.S.W., produced £366/13/-, gross receipts. A cheque for £208/14/11, net proceeds, has been forwarded the Lord Mayor's Fund.

For this splendid result the Committee of the club thanks all donors and helpers, particularly the ladies who, as previously, were tireless and cheerful throughout a long day given generously in a good cause.

*Grateful thanks, and congratulations, are extended to: Mesdames Cody, Gateley, Hickey, O'Dea, Roles, Paul, Webberley, Wholohan, and Miss Kelso.*

Acknowledgments are made to: Messrs. J. A. Roles, G. Cheine, A. G.

## HOUSE MANAGER

•

The Chairman wishes to announce to members that the Committee has appointed Mr. E. G. Weeden as House Manager of the Club. The duties will include the supervision of the Staff and the various departments.

Mr. T. T. Manning has previously carried out the dual duties of Secretary and Manager, and it was felt that eighteen years of the heavy obligations entailed had undermined his health and strength. During that period the present Club House was built and the various new departments established and old ones increased and the strain on the Executive has been heavy. Consequently the new arrangement has been made. Mr. Manning carries on as Chief Executive Officer of the Club.

Mr. Weeden has had a life-long experience in Club and Hotel Management, commencing with a complete apprenticeship at the Savoy Hotel, London, and including many years as House Manager of leading Sydney and Melbourne Clubs. The Chairman feels that members will welcome the innovation and co-operate in every way towards its success.

Collins, A. Britton, M. Barnett, S. Beilby, jr., W. Cook, S. Emanuel, H. Gregory, L. H. Howarth, L. R. Harrison, C. E. Hall, J. K. Hardie, G. Moore, W. A. McDonald, M. McCarten and C. H. Rowlandson.

The appeal was the fifth of its kind since the outbreak of war. Tattersall's Club has taken part in

all. Total net proceeds have been £1,707/1/3—testimony to the practical patriotism of the club.

\* \* \*

A cheerful note from Capt. (Dr.) L. S. Loewenthal, 5th Australian General Hospital, A.I.F., abroad, bears greetings to members, and mentions that letters giving the news of the home front are appreciated. He remarks that, despite the privations of war, at time of writing he had put on 10lb. and managed to grow quite a respectable mo. However, he expected soon to be moved on to a spot even less desirable than the desert.

Captain Loewenthal concludes: "Hope all you coves are in good form and saving a wee bit against my return."

In a postscript he wrote that he had met the Chairman's daughter, who is serving as a nurse over there with the A.I.F.

\* \* \*

Fred Jones wrote from N.Z. to a friend in the club telling of the toughest day he ever spent at a race meeting: On a Friday he and his wife received word that their son Dave, serving abroad with the N.Z. forces, was missing. Fred was compelled to attend a race meeting on the Monday. Later, a cable came that Dave was a prisoner of war. Specially was the family cheered by the news that the brave lad was uninjured.

Fred Jones wrote further that he had had a fair season. Royal Chief had won two good handicaps, with 9.7 and 9.12, also two classic races. Iceland Spear, a little Excitement gelding, won the Great Autumn Handicap (1½ mile), also the Sockburn Handicap. Fred says the gelding is a good stayer. He won the Timaru Cup with King's Toast, a Hunting Song gelding.

Fred wrote of Kindergarten: He is an exceptional three-year-old, and I think he will be the outstanding horse in Australia next Spring.

He adds that the season was good for hay and oats. Prospects of his visiting Australia in the near future are not bright.



## A DAY AT THE RACES

WHAT A REVERSAL of form the weather staged for the club's May meeting. Forenoon, fair and warmer, deceived many into leaving at home coats whose absence was regretted by luncheon hour, and be-moaned as afternoon closed in.

It was all right for young fellows like Mr. W. T. Kerr and me. Our hearts went out to the old boys stealing moments between races to luxuriate in the sunshine.

You may tell me: at the spot where each of those seats are placed, near entrances to the official stand. There, trying to edge me off, came Jack Hardie, Lew Deer and Ben Richards, betimes. Those young scamps had no right to crowd in there; and I told them so.

\* \* \*

At the Club Race Meeting you meet the Chairman in a dual capacity—official and personal. A Club Member, remarking on this, paid Mr. Hill a novel compliment: "In either role he is always himself."

\* \* \*

It was the first club meeting for Mr. A. G. Collins as a member of the committee. He was kept busy acknowledging congratulations. "It is an honour to be elected to the committee of Tattersall's Club," he said. "The club is world-known and its status is acknowledged everywhere."

Mr. Collins was made an honorary member of famous Lords during his visit to England in 1936. This was Sir Pelham (Plum) Warner's gesture. Alf Collins had been unofficial entertainer of English cricket teams in Australia. During the "bodyline" visit his tact eased a good deal of tension.

Mr. Collins recalled to me that he spotted a young batsman in England and said to Mr. Perrin, member of England's selection committee, that the youth would become a Test batsman. The selector observed that the player was then only 17, whereupon the Australian replied that youth should not be regarded as a liability. However, Compton—for the young man was Compton—made the Test XI.

Alf Collins' most refreshing memory of that visit to England was his driving of Test bowler Verity thrice to the boundary before being given run out for 14 runs. The match was a social affair, but with everybody all out for runs and wickets.

\* \* \*

"There goes 'Darkie' Webster," somebody said. "He was second wicketkeeper with the Australian



Mr. A. G. Collins

XI. of 1912." Mr. Webster has a grand boy with the R.A.A.F. in Canada. The lad is an Old Boy of Scots College, and at this grim moment is—in Churchill's words—among the few standing for the many.

What a weight of money must have been sunk on Winifred, straight out, and as first leg of the double with Binnia Hero. Mr. Jack Mayo told me that he had dropped a whack. Dr. Reading got the first three winners, and all-up'd it on the Harinero—Miss Manfred mare. Mr. George Chiene said, by way of consolation: "Never mind, Doctor, you will get your revenge at the card table." The good-natured medical man smiled and said: "George, how often have I told you and the fellows that I've sworn off cards?"

*They called themselves my friends—John Hickey and others—yet they tipped me every horse in the James Barnes Plate except Binnia Hero.*

Conclave corner: Messrs. Bill Dovey, Frank Carberry, John Hickey, H. C. Bartley, Hans Robertson. Now, they should have known something. They did—but the judge knew better.

\* \* \*

Only a few Saturdays previously, I had encountered Randal Berry, dressed as coster, driving a donkey attached to a cart, at a Scots College fete. Randal told me confidentially that he had always believed in donkeys from the day—or was it the night?—that someone told him nobody had ever seen a "dead" donkey. Randal reasoned: Could that much be said of any other branch of the quadruped family?

Harald Baker has been visiting historic Chipping Norton, now the property of Mr. Horace Elliott, who breeds show horses there. Harald spoke of the wonderful sense of atmosphere one experienced lingering there before the stalls of Gaulus and The Grafter. Both horses were owned by Mr. W. Forrester, and carried his colours in the Melbourne Cup of 1897, when Gaulus beat The Grafter narrowly. In the following year The Grafter won and, on being sent to England, led the field to victory in a City and Suburban.

\* \* \*

Dr. Nigel Smith wears well—better than many who were at ringside when he met R. J. H. Massie—later, Australian XI. bowler—in the final of Sydney University heavy-weight championship. Those fleeting years, alas! You remember they evoked a sigh by Horace, still preserved in the Latin.

That thought brings me to Epic Poem. Probably the filly was so named by Mr. F. W. Hughes because of its dam being Loquacious (by Windbag). If my surmise be correct, then a pretty turn of wit, good sir. Why so many epic poems should be windbaggy, why genius

(Continued on Page 5.)





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# A DAY AT THE RACES

(Continued from Page 3.)

expressed in ornate imagery and superlative language, may still not be compressed, confused me often in my student days. Shakespeare gives you in a line all that lesser bards crowd into a volume.

*Footnote: Might it be that Epic Poem was so named because he promised to be a "stayer"?*

Queen Anne, the filly by Law Maker—Larmen, has a name which casts our minds back in history to the great ancestor of the present Prime Minister of Britain. What status Marlborough and his talented wife, Sarah, held at the Court of Queen Anne is yours for the reading. Churchill's ancestry, by the way, is through the female line.

\* \* \*

Often we heard the old folk say of their grand-children: "Wonder if they will grow up a credit to their parents?" Those thoughts were mine as I watched the parade of the two-year-olds in the birdcage. The immediate consideration is that they represent their owners' fancy. On each colt and filly Hope rides high—and here's hoping.

Mr. W. T. Kerr, whom we know as the sporting owner of many good 'uns, remarked to me: "It's hard to get a good 'un." A pause, then: "It's even hard to win a race."

\* \* \*

Mr. A. J. Matthews had a day off at the races. Many people, greeting him, said in asides: "Isn't Joe working?" The impressions of one to whom Randwick means usually so much more than a good view of the racing, a stroll around, and a quiet, occasional drink with one's friends, with the hub-bub in the background, I hope to garner for this diary one day. Mr. Matthews would be my pick, because he has what newspapermen call "the angle of observation," and news sense.

Met Vince O'Reilly, mine host of the Cumberland Hotel, Bankstown, genial fellow, regular racegoer. Among the horses he owned was Sailor Prince, a good galloper, and Bush Bee, an exceptional filly which was beaten only by a head by

Nuffield. Guardsman, the hurdler, carries Mr. O'Reilly's colours. He told me of a Constant Son—Miseltoe (N.Z.) colt which he had bought at the yearling sales, and which Bayley Payten had named Great Scot, after the horse of that name which Bayley's father had trained.

\* \* \*

The original Great Scot was a great horse—he won the Australian Cup of 1903 and, later, the Viceroy Cup twice in India. Because the son of the trainer of the original Great Scot has such great expectations of Mr. O'Reilly's yearling, he so named the Constant Son colt. All who know Vince will wish him the best.

Great Scot's great rival was that high-class horse, Abundance. After a stirring struggle in the A.J.C. St. Leger of 1903 Abundance got the verdict by a narrow margin. As I recall the hub-bub at the time, the placing became one of the historic disputed verdicts of racing.

Abundance was owned by Mr. Bob Phillips and trained by Frank McGrath. Great Scot was owned by Hon. Agar Wynne.

\* \* \*

At the end of the worst days at Randwick one could not possibly be dispirited in the company of Mr. Paddy Ryan, mine host of the Hotel Camperdown, which originally bore the name of "The Honest Irishman." Only difference to-day is that while the name has been changed an honest Irishman is still host. Best of Mr. Ryan's horses was Valais Queen, and may he get another as good.

Mr. Clem Fader's friends say that his baby son is a winner. Clem thinks so, too. It's an old fashioned gift to a good man and a good woman, a baby, but all the world's science has not in years approaching two thousand provided a better one.

Mr. Frank Alldritt keeps fit by following the open-air life. Once aboard his launch with the rods and lines, and a tip straight from the

groper's gills that the odds are on the fisherman, finds Frank back to boyhood.

Frank's father, Mr. W. C. Alldritt, missed the meeting through illness; but to everybody's pleasure this good sportsman is now himself again.

\* \* \*

When Fred Vockler is weary at day's close he goes home and romps with his wire-haired fox terrier. His family are natural players of games. A brother and a nephew rank high as swimmers. Fred himself is a much better-than-average billiards and snooker player, and when you sit with or against him at the Bridge table you know that your partner or opponent is an artist.

Among the crowd at Randwick were the two scrutineers at the club's annual ballot for committee-men—Mr. Larry Howarth and Mr. J. B. ("Jerry") Dowling, managing director of Rosebery.

I was told of a club dinner when Mr. Howarth—much to the surprise of co-celebrants—revealed a tender tenor in "She Stood At The Door Welcoming Him In." (By Bach or Beethoven out of Tune). That's the way the story was told me, but my instinctive belief is that Mr. Howarth well deserved to collect the £1 bet on principles of pure vocalism. That he donated it immediately to a good cause is just what he would do. (P.S.: Mr. Joe Matthews is not my informant.)

Mr. Dowling swings a club at Pymble links with more purpose (and precision) than his opponents in the majority. He has a gallant son with the A.I.F. abroad. Father heard recently that in between the big stuff the lad had won a boxing tournament.

\* \* \*

To have run 12 seconds with Wykeham, then to have kept up his spirits, as Mr. Arthur Hurd did, is to class him 100 per cent. sportsman. Ordinarily reserved, at the appropriate time and in the right place he is an entertainer of rare quality. I have met him on social occasions with Bill Stack.

*Footnote: It is a libel to suggest that Mr. Hurd and Mr. Stack were*

(Continued on Page 7.)



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## A Day at the Races

(Continued from Page 5.)

*once seen pushing a Pontiac uphill, the while Mr. Stack grunted encouragingly his old Brisbane Grammar School motto: "Nil sine labore."*

While Etching was not placed in the two-year-old race for colts and geldings, one of the joint owners, Mr. Jim Normoyle, had some good news of another kind to report. It was that Etching's part-owner, Mr. F. C. Williams, was regaining good health.

Many have asked me to include in this diary a cheerio message to Fred, with an assurance that he is being missed in the club, and that no welcome back will be more hearty than that at the Bridge table.

Everybody was happy to greet again Mr. Reg Dansey after his serious illness. Good, sincere friends are as a tonic—and Reg has many to give him that prescription.

\* \* \*

The father of Mr. Lionel Carpenter—known to all sportsmen in life as "Jimmy"—won an Austral Wheel Race in Melbourne in the days of the great riders. Among the horses raced by his father was Cleave, the dam of Mischief, which the son owns and races to-day.

Mr. Jack Mandel had a potential champion in the family before St. Andrew. The potential champion:

was no other than his daughter, Drazel. At school she led the best as a swimmer. She had natural gifts and fine courage. On leaving school, however, Drazel found other interests. Father himself was a runner of note. His better known side nowadays is as a shrewd buyer of horses, including Shem, Boercil, Zel, Del Rose, Wicki Wicki, Two Bids, St. Andrew.

Usually you will see them together: Jack Holland, Ted Thorne, Mac Sawyer, Paul Manton, C. H. K. Miller. Last named won three in a row with Fort Morgan.

Mr. Arthur Ingham was back from holiday on his property at Scone and in great form.

Mr. B. H. Crowley's Hilarious (Baralong—Jubilant), winner of the James Barnes Plate in 1939, and second to Lockray in 1940, did not run a place this year, but the same owner's Rhythmic (Baralong—Jubilant) compensated with a win in the Novice. Rhythmic is a great track galloper, was a maiden performer prior to the meeting. The way he won suggested that a good horse has found his form.

Good Company's win in the Two-Year-Old confirmed Ossie Pettit's opinion that he has an exceptionally good one in the Brueghel—Good and Gay filly. She was bred by the breeder of Astrid—Mr. Alf Thompson.

Mr. C. H. Rowlandson told me why to friends he is known as "Bill." The name was conferred by his father. The Mosman doctor present at the birth of C. H. was named "Bill," and was a great friend of the father of C.H. To-day, Mr. Rowlandson has some horses at his Bowral property, including a yearling by Sylvandale from Bush Melody, and a two-year-old sister to Gold Spark, which latter conquered Mildura in the Anniversary Handicap.

It was whispered at the meeting that Mr. Teddy Davis had his eye on the billiards and snooker championships this year. He is getting in a good deal of practice. When cues are picked up he is likely to be among the short-priced favourites.

As a golfer, Mr. Davis gets in his training gallops in the dark. A fellow member of the club avers that, one morning at dawn, when he was taking his dog for a run, he stumbled over Teddy as the latter was about to tee-up on the links.

Among the few cases of a father and a son operating as bookmakers are the Schwarz pair—Liley, the father, and Swanee, the son. The classical story about Swanee was repeated to me at Randwick—how a painter burst in on him one morning while he was still in bed.

"What's your trouble?" Swanee yawned wearily. "I've come to paint the house," the stranger said.

(Continued on Page 8.)

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## A Day at the Races

(Continued from Page 7.)

"That's quite all right," answered Swanee, turning over, "just paint round me."

*Young Arthur Browning would take some beating as an elegant dresser and a good-looker.*

Mr. John A. Roles a little more aldermanic, some say; but retaining his glow of good health and his charm of good-fellowship.

Alf Collins makes a sixth to the cigar-smoking fraternity of the committee. John Roles, Frank Underwood, John Hickey, George Chiene and Dave Craig are the others. John O'Dea clings to his cigarettes. It took me a long term to renounce the weed, and I still envy those who, like my friend Mr. O'Dea, derive so much comfort from the much-libelled fag.

\* \* \*

Mr. Dick Townsend was working at Randwick, as good as ever after his operation, and found warm welcome from the legion that know him. Dick has big interests in the Goulburn district, where a son of his is on the land.

Always I seek out Mr. Hugh Macken at Randwick, above all places, for a quiet, investigational yarn on affairs of workaday life. I find Hugh, not only well-informed, but a liberal thinker, and we part always with the balance of knowledge acquired on my side. Therefore, however I lose in other ways at Randwick, I gain considerably through my meetings with Hugh Macken.

It was the final meeting for Jimmy Abbs as a trainer. Tributes have been paid to this good sportsman by daily newspaper writers. Fine, sincere tributes they have been, and to them I add mine, no less genuine.

Racing represents something very fine in sport to the club's Treasurer, Mr. S. E. Chatterton; and so, irrespective of whether his horses win or lose, he has a good day in the sense of enjoyment.

Often I think some people make the mistake of watching in the race only the horses carrying their money. There's no kick in that. For the average racegoer betting should be made only incidental to the day.

\* \* \*

At latest advices two brothers of Mr. Ken Williams were round about Sollum with the A.I.F. To these wonderful lads and their kind a whole continent is indebted, and our gratitude must continue to take practical form. Father of the boys, Mr. Alec Williams, made a sporting presentation of an eight to the Scots College crew. Ken, like his dad, is fond of cricket.

Mr. H. R. (Lal) Bowden came down from Newcastle to field at Randwick, as usual. Lal is president of Newcastle Tattersall's Club. Sydneysiders find a generous welcome awaiting them at that well-directed club.

Sportsmen know the Beilby duo—S.O. and S.O., jr. The father won his first race with Hasty Decision which, as the name implies, was bought on the spur of the moment. The son is owner of Jazbeau and of a

two-year-old by Excitement. S.O., jr., is a product of Prince Alfred College, Adelaide, and is among the most popular younger members of the club.

When Mr. Adolph Basser bought the Midstream—Society yearling a club member suggested that he name it In The Swim, which would have been inspired by the names of sire and dam without representing one of those vague sire-dam conjunctions. Mr. Basser had already chosen a name, however. He is to be wished luck. The club knows no more practical patriot. He gives spontaneously and liberally. Dr. Adrian Basser is his son.

\* \* \*

Mr. Bill Anderson is still a member of the Gun Club, but has been off the active list for some time. Still keen, however, are Mr. Barney Hughes and Mr. Billy McDonald.

Let Barney be in the metropolis and quail abound in the country and he will sniff 'em out like a pointer.

Billy McDonald's reputation as a crack pigeon shot extends beyond the borders of N.S.W. He is still another club member with a gallant son on active service. The lad is with the R.A.A.F. in Canada, a dinkum Australian who is doing us proud.

See Mr. Teddy Knight skipping about the ring and you would not credit his being among veteran racegoers. He is proof of the doctors' dictum that men of alert mind and active of body wear longer than the sluggish sort. Teddy Knight keeps

(Continued on Page 13.)



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# A Day of Sweeping Mines off Dover

It includes air battles, dive bombing, lurking mines and shellfire from Calais—but it's just the same old grind to the crew.

*A Personal-experience Story by William L. White.*

American war correspondent; joint owner with his father, William Allen White, of the Emporia "Gazette."

"A fine little doggie!" says the Captain, taking the dachshund into his arms. "Her name is Bombproof Bella. She's made every trip since I was given command of the Stella Orion. Been dive-bombed, machine-gunned, blown about by mines. Simply loves 'em. Gives tongue like a foxhound when we explode one."

We are standing on the bridge of a fishing boat, now a mine-sweeping trawler in the Royal Navy. The bridge is really the roof of the wheelhouse, enclosed by an armoured steel railing. Peering over the port side I see a balcony out of which peeps an anti-aircraft machine gun. There's another one on the starboard side. At bow and stern are platforms mounting four-inch guns.

Turning to the Captain, I said: "I suppose you duck behind the railing when you're dive-bombed."

"Complete waste of time. You never know where a bomb is going to strike a ship and wouldn't know where to crouch. Might as well stand up and watch the fun. But it's wonderful when you're being machine-gunned. You know from what direction the stuff is coming, and can do some efficient crouching."

The trawler is under way now, leading three other trawlers. Above the Channel the air is any man's sky, for the blue is combed into great swirls of white by constant air battles. Thirty thousand feet up we see the misty spoor of a squadron of Messerschmitts which recently flew over in even formation.

We also see the exact point where a few minutes ago half a dozen Hurricanes dived into the squadron, breaking the even parallel line-up into a dozen wavering spirals. The battle is still going on. At that great height it all seems infinitely

slow—hard to realise that the microscopic 'planes which make those tiny hairlines of mist are doing better than 300 miles an hour.

The waters beneath this battleground are equally any man's ocean. The British control the surface by day. But at night the German minelayers come out to sow the seeds of death in the shipping lane. Among these we move now.

The First Officer points to the French coast, "Might let us know if you notice any flashes coming from over there. A Hun battery fired more than 100 shells at us last Wednesday. Maybe mistook us for a convoy, because they seldom bother with trawlers."

"How many ships did they hit?"

"They've never hit a ship yet, although one shell landed in our wake, not 20 yards astern."

"What do you do when you see a flash?"

"Glance at your watch so you'll know when it's time to duck behind the railing. You see, the battery is 20 miles away. To get a shell that distance takes one minute and 20 seconds after you see the flash—time to light a cigarette before sauntering over to the shelter."

Our trawling tackle is about 200 yards of steel cable unreeled over one side of the boat. At its end is a hollow floating tin fish slightly longer than a man. Suspended vertically under this is a thin steel plate, called a door because it is shaped like one.

This door is an underwater kite—also attached to the cable—kept about 12 feet below the surface by the floating tin fish. As we steam ahead at a steady speed, this apparatus moves out from the side of the ship until the cable is stretched tautly at a 45-degree angle with the ship's wake.

The cable, woven of special steel, acts as an underwater saw—a cutting blade 200 yards long. It moves under the mines, cutting quickly through their anchor cables—as you would snip off the stem of a toadstool—thus letting the mines bob to the surface where they can be destroyed.

We are the leading ship in our flotilla. Back of our float comes the second ship—its course is just inside the wake of our tin fish, so the ship itself is travelling in water which we have just swept; the trawl from this second ship extends another 200 yards into dangerous water; the third and fourth ships are in similar positions.

Suddenly the bridge shivers. Bombproof Bella opens her long brown muzzle to scream with joy. Halfway between us and our bobbing tin fish, a short, thin column of water rises into the air.

"Damn!" says the First Officer, and orders our engines stopped.

Our tin fish is dropping rapidly astern, its cable broken.

"Cursed bore!" the First Officer says scowling. "That was an explosive cutter—a filthy little thing contrived by Jerry to irk His Majesty's minesweepers. It's a tiny mine moored so that it will just touch our cutting cable when we are trawling for big ones. Now we have to stop and sling out a new gear."

"One of us will probably strike a whopper of a mine soon. You see, when Jerry lays a really big one, he usually protects it with a cute little bed of explosive cutters."

I marvel at the accuracy with which these men can sweep a given area of trackless sea. First they divide the Channel into tracts on a chart. Then each minesweeper locates the boundaries of his tract by constantly taking careful bearings. An error of a few hundred yards might leave unswept a mine-field which would destroy a precious cargo ship.

These men insist their job is not very dangerous because if properly handled a minesweeper need almost never go into unswept water. The ship itself travels within the band swept the previous day. The cable



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and float project out into the danger area. But the smallest mistake in navigation or failure to allow for drift of wind and tide brings great danger.

"Aircraft off the starboard bow, sir!" calls the lookout. We rake the sky with our glasses and spot a black dot—high—at least 15,000 feet.

"It's the German spotter 'plane," the First Officer says. "Comes out every afternoon to see what we are up to. If there's a convoy moving through, it sends the position by wireless to the long-range batteries around Calais. Now and then it dives down to rake a ship with machine-gun fire just for pure deviltry."

The 'plane starts a big circle around us. "We had better look sharp—she may go into a dive," says the Captain.

I watch the 'plane complete a second circle. Now she straightens out and continues on toward the English coast.

Just then the ship quivers like a plucked fiddle string—whereupon Bombproof Bella gives tongue in hysterical delight from the scuppers. About 100 yards out from the side of the second trawler stands another slim ghostly column of water—this one higher than the trawler's masts.

"Jolly close!" said the First Officer excitedly. "Twenty yards nearer and it might have stove her in and tossed the chaps on the bridge into the water. She must have had her cutting cable too near the surface so that it tangled in the mine's prongs."

"How many types of mines are there?" I asked.

"Can't tell you. Jerry'd like to know which types we have learned how to render harmless so they can abandon them and bring out new models."

"Are the Germans so ingenious?"

"Occasionally. More often Jerry is a creature of habit. Perhaps you've heard of Monday, Wednesday and Friday? It's a classic in all trawlers. Supposed to have hap-

pened on the Thames estuary. It seems this Jerry minelayer came out regularly every Monday, Wednesday and Friday night to lay exactly the same number of mines in exactly the same places. So regularly every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday our chaps would sweep them up. Went on for weeks, until finally our chaps decided to skip a day to see what would happen. Just as they thought, the Jerry minelayer came out Wednesday night and blew himself to bits on one of the mines he had laid Monday. Our chaps went out and pulled in a dozen Jerries, including the Captain. He was furious."

"At being outwitted?"

"Not at all. Wouldn't believe for a minute we had done it purposely. Very bitter at us for neglecting our duty in not sweeping up the field. Said such sloppiness would never be tolerated in the German navy."

"Hostile aircraft off the port beam, sir!" calls the look-out.

"It's the German spotter coming back," says the First Officer. "Seems to be heading for us."

The gun crew is standing around the breech of their guns, looking upward. I find that I am unconsciously measuring my distance from the steel railing. Now we hear the 'plane's airscrew—a venomous tearing buzz which drowns the noises of our ship.

"She's starting to dive, sir," shouts the First Officer. Pivoting on one wing, she comes straight down at us—the sun glinting on her black cowl like an angry eye. I move toward the steel railing.

The Captain says, "Better give her the first round now."

The shouted command rings out, the ship shakes with the report, and a round black cloud appears midway between us and the plane. As suddenly as it dived, the 'plane veers off. It is as though we had tossed a sack of soot in the eyes of an eagle. It swerves, twists into a climb and circles out of range.

A sailor climbs to the bridge with a folded paper. "Signal from Num-

ber Three ship," the Captain reads. "They've brought a mine to the surface. We're at the end of our run so perhaps you'd like to watch them sink it."

Suddenly I see about a mile ahead what apparently is a waterspout, 100 feet tall, shaped like a snow-covered spruce.

"By Jove," says the First Officer, "they're shelling us! That filthy little spotting 'plane has sent our position to the long-range batteries."

We watch two more huge waterspouts rise, slowly fade into mist and silently dissolve, as we complete the big turn which points us back toward Dover. But Number Three ship stays motionless until the Stella Orion comes alongside, when we can hear the zip of rifle bullets fired by an officer from her bridge—each one flicking a feather of spray from a wave. Among these bobs the shiny black round mine. The range seems quite long to me.

The First Officer explains: "You see, now and then the bullet, instead of puncturing and sinking the mine, explodes it. I've seen a big mine open the seams of a trawler at 100 yards. At 50 it might chuck the chaps off into the water."

When the mine is sunk our flotilla reel in their tackle and follow the white cliffs back toward Dover. The misty trails of an air battle going on above us thicken into huge ropes of fleece, the snarls fused into a cloudbank blood-red in the setting sun.

"You know, I'd like to come out again," I say.

"Afraid you'll find it the same old grind," says the Captain. "Mine sweeping is only exciting in the newspapers."

Perhaps. Only three days later I see in an evening paper a small item which chronicles the sinking in action of H.M.S. trawler Stella Orion, and the rescue of all of her crew. And I am sure that as her big blue-eyed captain was pulled grunting into the lifeboat, the reproachfully forgiving black eyes of unsinkable little Bombproof Bella were peeping out of his life-jacket, just under his chin.



# RURAL MEMBERS

## *The Messrs. Loneragan, of Mudgee.*

Custom is to detail, each month, something of our rural members.

In this issue the Loneragan family, of Mudgee, comes into focus.

Few families in the West can lay claim to more prominence as reward for worthy endeavour through the years.

At the moment, names of the following quartette appear on our lists: Edward H., Peter J., Bernard H. and Bryan B.

It is nearly 60 years since forebears settled in Mudgee, and ever since the name has been held in highest esteem.

Away back in the early 80's Mud-

gee was akin to a dot in a wide open paddock whereas, to-day, it is a place of beauty and popular tourist resort, apart from being wealthy by virtue of its pastoral activities.

It now has everything in way of modern comfort, and enjoys a water supply of ample quantity.

For that, the Loneragan family must be given a goodly share of credit. Through the years members have put their shoulder to the wheel and given every assistance in fostering welfare of their district.

In 1881 the firm of J. Loneragan and Sons was founded, and has flourished ever since, together with a virile branch at Gulgong.

It was one of the pioneer stores in the West, and its history in that portion of the State will, in years to come, be writ in large letters.

On the sporting side, almost every branch has been tapped, including turf, cricket, football and bowls. Wherever anything of importance has been happening a Loneragan could be relied upon to be among the leaders.

On the civic side the Mayoral chair has frequently been occupied by one bearing the name and, mindful of everything, it would be unfair to differentiate. That is why they have been joined together here and written of as a family—a truly great family.



## Well, if that's how you feel!

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# Billiards and Snooker

During alterations on the second floor, members who delight in their daily game on the green cloth have been diverted to the main hall, where one table has been erected for their pleasure. A glance at the rebuilding plans shows that care has been taken to ensure comfort for players and onlookers alike, and the new setting should meet with wholehearted approval; new impetus should result, and the more convenient situation welcomed by all. Three tables will be installed, and the tout ensemble will leave little, if anything, to be desired.

## *Follows Australian Lead.*

When world's champion, Walter Lindrum, recently gave an exhibition of billiards and snooker in our club and elsewhere, his efforts were being watched closely oversea. So much so that his example in giving his services to the cause of raising funds for our soldiers at home and abroad has been copied in England, where Sydney Lee is actively engaged in work of similar nature.

Members will remember Lee, who stayed at our club during his visit to this country in search of the Empire amateur title. On that occasion he was accompanied by fellow-countryman, Laurie Steeples, and they both showed deft cuemanship.

Since turning professional, Lee has come to be regarded as one of the greatest exhibitionists the game has known. He is a member of the Auxiliary Police in London, and will devote all his hours off duty to exhibitions.

As with Lindrum, no charge will be made for his services, and bookings are being carried out by Mr. J. C. Bisset, Chairman of the Billiards and Control Council (world governing body).

Cash result of Lee's efforts will go toward the "Tables For The Troops" Fund, and the demand for his services is so great that few camps are likely to be in need of equipment ere long.

## *A Century of Tables Supplied.*

Latest advices are that, approximately, one hundred tables have now been supplied various units of the Services in different parts of England by the B.A. & C.C.—a remarkable piece of work.

Tables are costly things and treasured by most owners, but the number prepared to lend, or even give, their possessions must come as welcome news. Unfortunately, in Australia, no such work has been undertaken officially, although many private owners, as well as clubs, have made their tables available for the duration.

Lord Baldwin, former Prime Minister of England, is numbered among the donors to the Control Board's scheme, while the list published also includes Rev. F. H. Sanders, The Vicarage, Axminster; Rev. R. J. Bartlett, St. James-The-Less Vicarage, London; Col. Viscount Bury, M.C.; W. Butler & Co., Wolverhampton, brewers, as well as a number of well-known names in all walks of life. Billiard players are doing a grand job of work.

## *Congratulations To Our Members.*

Latest files from England carry news to effect that the Control Council has placed the efforts of two of our members on the official list for proficiency with the cue: Messrs. R. H. Alderson and J. Bartlett. List also includes names of members of sister clubs—Messrs. D. S. Wylie, W. D. Kirkland, K. G. Marshall, W. J. Lamble, and H. Otter (Millions), A. F. O. Brown (Sports) and S. R. Buttle (Kogarah School of Arts). Congratulations to all, and especially those of our own contingent. May the numbers grow—and quickly.

We are now into June, and the annual club tournaments will soon be on the way. Let's all join in "christening" the new room, when completed, with a record entry in both sections. Remember the fun we had last year? That can be put in the shade this time, and will be, if we are sincere. It's entirely up to us.

# A Day at the Races

(Continued from Page 8.)

up because he keeps going. His type cave in when they give in. So they hold out.

\* \* \*

Hanging in the committee room at Rosebery Racing Club is a picture of a man adorned with the spade beard of the grand old stock, and in every sense typical of his sturdy generation. It is a picture of one of the founders of Rosebery, and the father of one of the present directors, Mr. George Murtough. The latter has one son with the R.A.A.F. in Canada and (as I write) another on final leave. All honour to these two grand boys who have answered the call of country. They are of a company whose deeds have electrified the world, and shown "the southern breed can play the game for keeps."

Mr. A. T. Smith was chuckling over a cartoon in a Sydney newspaper which he has cut out and sent to his son Bill, abroad with the A.I.F. The cartoon showed Mussolini 'phoning an Italian stronghold, captured by the Diggers, but which Musso believed the Duke of Aosta to be holding. An Aussie was at the other end of the 'phone when Musso asked: "Is that the Duke of Aosta?"

"No," came back the grinning Digger, "this is Bill Smith, the Duke of Woolloomooloo!"

Mr. A. T. Smith enclosed a note with the cutting asking his son Bill what right he had to insult Musso-lini in that way!

\* \* \*

Although my luck gave out as the day wore on, I was bucked at the beginning to be in the presence of those two eminent horticulturists, Mr. Fred Wilson (A.J.C. Handicapper) and Mr. Tom Prescott. What time others dug into their race books in the hope of unearthing winners, Messrs. Wilson and Prescott compared buttonholes, and swapped opinions on the crossing of rhododendrons with eryiostoms and the inbreeding of violets.

\* \* \*

*Proceeds from the meeting will be paid to patriotic funds, to hospitals and charitable institutions.*



# RACING FIXTURES

## JUNE—DECEMBER, 1941

### JUNE

Ascot ..... Wednesday, 4th  
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Sat., 7th  
 Kensington ..... Wednesday, 11th  
 A.J.C. .... Saturday, 14th  
 A.J.C. .... Monday, 16th  
 Victoria Park ..... Wednesday, 18th  
 Rosehill ..... Saturday, 21st  
 Rosebery ..... Wednesday, 25th  
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Sat., 28th

### JULY

Ascot ..... Wednesday, 2nd  
 Victoria Park ..... Saturday, 5th  
 Kensington ..... Wednesday, 9th  
 Moorefield ..... Saturday, 12th  
 Victoria Park ..... Wednesday, 16th  
 Canterbury Park ..... Saturday, 19th  
 Rosebery ..... Wednesday, 23rd  
 Ascot ..... Saturday, 26th  
 Ascot ..... Wednesday, 30th

### AUGUST

Moorefield ..... Saturday, 2nd  
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Mon., 4th  
 Kensington ..... Wednesday, 6th

Rosehill ..... Saturday, 9th  
 Victoria Park ..... Wednesday, 13th  
 Rosebery ..... Saturday, 16th  
 Rosebery ..... Wednesday, 20th  
 Moorefield ..... Saturday, 23rd  
 Ascot ..... Wednesday, 27th  
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Sat., 30th

### SEPTEMBER

Kensington ..... Wednesday, 3rd  
 Canterbury Park ..... Saturday, 6th  
 Victoria Park ..... Wednesday, 10th  
**Tattersall's Club** ..... Saturday, 13th  
 Rosebery ..... Wednesday, 17th  
 Rosehill ..... Saturday, 20th  
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Wed., 24th  
 Red Cross Race Meeting,  
 Randwick ..... Saturday, 27th

### OCTOBER

Ascot ..... Wednesday, 1st  
 A.J.C. .... Saturday, 4th  
 A.J.C. .... Monday, 6th  
 A.J.C. .... Wednesday, 8th  
 A.J.C. .... Saturday, 11th  
 Kensington ..... Wednesday, 15th

Hawkesbury ..... Saturday, 18th  
 Victoria Park ..... Wednesday, 22nd  
 Rosehill ..... Saturday, 25th  
 Rosebery ..... Wednesday, 29th

### NOVEMBER

Canterbury Park ..... Saturday, 1st  
 Ascot ..... Wednesday, 5th  
 Moorefield ..... Saturday, 8th  
 Kensington ..... Wednesday, 12th  
 Rosehill ..... Saturday, 15th  
 Victoria Park ..... Wednesday, 19th  
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Sat., 22nd  
 Hawkesbury ..... Wednesday, 26th  
 Canterbury Park ..... Saturday, 29th

### DECEMBER

A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Wed., 3rd  
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Sat., 6th  
 Rosebery ..... Wednesday, 10th  
 Rosehill ..... Saturday, 13th  
 Ascot ..... Wednesday, 17th  
 A.J.C. .... Saturday, 20th  
 Kensington ..... Wednesday, 24th  
 A.J.C. .... Friday, 26th  
**Tattersall's Club** ..... Saturday, 27th  
 Victoria Park ..... Wednesday, 31st

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### "KEMPSEY, ON THE BEAUTIFUL MACLEAY."

Kempsey, the centre of one of the finest dairying and agricultural districts in the State, is situated about 20 miles from the mouth of that magnificent stream, the Macleay River, which empties into the Pacific at Trial Bay, some 200 miles from Sydney.

The explorer, John Oxley, who put in at the entrance to the river in 1820, did not report favourably on the country, but the first real pioneer, Enoch William Rudder, was so impressed by what he saw during a journey north in 1825, that he decided to take over Samuel Onion's grant, and sent Surveyor M. F. White to lay out a township. In 1837 Rudder, his wife and nine children, arrived in Kempsey—at that time, not two acres of land had been cleared, but with true pioneer spirit, it was not long before 10 acres had been cleared, ploughed and planted.

The first store was built and opened by Thomas Bradley, and the first inn built in 1840.

Kempsey was so named after the beautiful valley of Kempsey in Worcestershire, England.

The Macleay River, on which Kempsey lies, was called after Alexander Macleay, Colonial Secretary, who arrived in Australia from England in 1828.

The ship "Medora," on which Thomas Rudder and his family arrived in Kempsey, was the first ship to open trade on the Macleay, and within a few years the whole of the Upper Macleay was appropriated for sheep and cattle runs.

Among the early settlers were, in addition to Enoch Rudder and family, Mr. McLeod, Captain J. B. Campbell, Major Kemp and family, Mr. Anderson, Major Oakes and family, Captain Briggs, Lieutenant Baxter, Mr. Gillies, Mr. Verge, Mr. Ebdon, Mr. Spencer, Messrs. Newton and Ferry, Mr. W. G. Gard, Mr. Paul, Captain Gordon, Captain Steel, Mr.

Thompson, and Mr. Andrew Best and family.

The first steamship, "The New Moon," made her maiden voyage in the fifties, and in 1858 William T. Dangar arrived in Kempsey to commence business as a saddler. This shop marked the commencement of the present town of Kempsey.

Kempsey, in 1844, a small but thriving village, consisted of several good brick built cottages, an inn, a store and a police station. An acre of land was given by Mr. Rudder for the building of a school, and the district holds the distinction of being one of the first of four localities in Australia at which State Education was established.

About midnight, on August 4, 1864, rain commenced to fall, and continued for eight days, and the first great flood resulted. J. Perrin saved the lives of 22 people, and at Darkwater and Kinchela Creek, no less than 130 persons took refuge on board the schooners "Morning Star" and "Tebars."

The first Post and Telegraph Office was opened in 1870, in a small room almost opposite the present building. James Williams was in charge, and the first telegram bore news about the American Civil War.

The first Show was held in 1883 near the site of the present Methodist Church, and three years later the Municipality was incorporated.

In 1887, P. C. Hill, of Belbowrie, formed the "North Coast Railway League," but it was not until 1917 that Kempsey was joined to the Railway system of the State, when the line from Wauchope was opened on 27th November of that year.

The first butter factory was established in 1891 at Warneton, the export being in the month of November 220 boxes.

The bridge joining East and Central Kempsey became an actual fact at the beginning of this century, the cost being £24,000, with a level above high water of 28 feet.

With the draining of the swamps much useless land was turned into assets, capable of growing not only all kinds of imported pasture plants, but maize up to 100 bushels per acre.

In 1859 the whole population of the Macleay River district did not exceed 500. To-day, the figures in the police patrol district alone are 7,930.

The number of cows in registered dairies are 10,915, the cattle total 18,714, and pigs 4,640. The butter output is 3,118,085 lbs. annually, and cheese 56,609 lbs.

In addition, the district produces condensed milk, maize, bacon, timber, fruit and vegetables.

It possesses two butter factories, two cheese factories, and one of the largest milk condenseries in the State.

There is a railway passenger service to and from Sydney four times daily, also a weekly shipping service, and, in addition, electric light and water service, an aerodrome, two newspapers, "Macleay Argus" and "Macleay Chronicle," and a Commercial Broadcasting Station, 2KM.

As Mr. C. R. McKerihan, President of the Rural Bank, said in 1936, when proposing the toast of the "Macleay Valley" at the official banquet of the Kempsey Centenary Celebrations:

"To hold our place in the world we must get the maximum production from our rich heritage. I have been in most parts of Australia, but none compares with the wonderfully fertile valley of the Macleay. I feel that the Macleay has a glorious future before it in the next hundred years."



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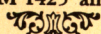
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